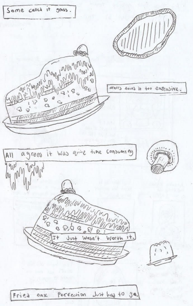
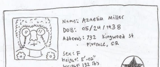
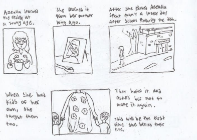
The Final serving
of
Fried Oak Perfection


Some called it gross.
others found it too expensive.
All agreed it was quite time consuming
It just wasn't worth it.
Fried oak Perfection just had to go.

At this point nobody really knew how to make it, so the call began by the FCA (food Conservation association) to find experts

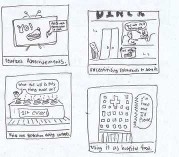
There was only one response.


Name: Azaelia Miller
DOB: 05/24/1938
Address: 732 Kingwood St
Florence, OR
Sex: F
Height: 5'-02"
Weight: 132 lbs
Eyes: Green
Hair: White

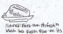

Azealia learned the recipe at a young age.
She learned it from her mother long ago.
After she passed Azealia spent many a lonely day after school perfecting the dish.
When she had kids of her own, she taught them too.
They hated it and asked her not to make it again.
This will be the first time she breaks their rule.

It was her job to serve the final dish of fried Oak Perfection after the FCA's previous services could not save the food.

They had tried...


YO!
Fried oak Perfection is rad
Televized Advertisements.
DINER
We are FCA sponsored
Incentivizing restaurants to serve it.
What the hell is this thing made of?
1st ever!
Fried oak Perfection eating contests.
I'll take the IV please.
Using it as hospital food.

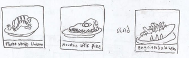
And watched as each attempt fell flat on its head like so:


Pictured: Fried oak Perfection which has fallen flat on its "head"

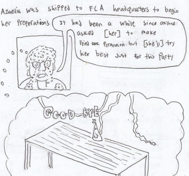
Azaelia was now the only person willing to make the dish as other resident experts quit after each disasterous attempt at making it relevant.

Fried oak Perfection seemed destined to fade into obscurity.

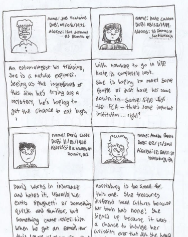
So with heavy hearts they began their customary sendoff given to such other "extinct" dishes as...


Three stripe Chicken
Mountain style pike
and
Engrifted ola beta

Azaelia was shipped to FCA headquarters to begin her preperations


It had been a while since anyone asked [her] to make Fried oak Perfection but [she'll] try her best just for this Party
GOOD-BYE

The Dish was anything but Popular, so it was hard to get Volunteers for the final tasting. But four people did agree to Join.


name: Joe Fontaine
DoB: 04/08/1972
Address: 1709 Glenwood Rd Brooklyn NY

An entomologist by training, Joe is a natural explorer. Seeing as the ingredients of this dish he's trying are a mystery, he's hoping to get the chance to eat bugs.

name: Kate Cannon
DoB: 08/23/1999
Address: 33 Diamond St San Francisco CA

With nowhere to go in life Kate is completely lost. She is hoping to meet some people or just have her name down in some file for the FCA – that's some important institution... right?

name: David Conde
DoB: 11/18/1988
Address: 8 E Warren Av Detroit, MI

David works in insurance and hates it. Usually he eats spaghetti or something quick and familiar, but something came over him when he got an email for this whole shebang from that organization he joined the mailing list for once.

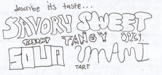
name: Amelia Banks
DoB: 02/12/2001
Address: 12 Rally St Harrisburg, PA

Harrisburg is too small for this one. She treasures different local cultures because her town has none! She signed up because it was a chance to indulge her curiosity over that dish she heard of long ago. What the hell is it even made of? oak trees? Her questions will be answered on a weekend getaway! What's not to love?

They too were sent to FCA HQ where Preperations would be made for their dinner.

It was their Job to eat the food...

describe its taste...

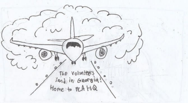

SAVORY
SWEET
CREAMY
TANGY
SPICY
SOUR
UMAMI
TART

describe how they felt eating it.

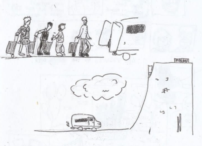
and agree to be Photographed, interviewed, and added to a database of experts on Fried oak perfection...

...(It's relatively small as of now)

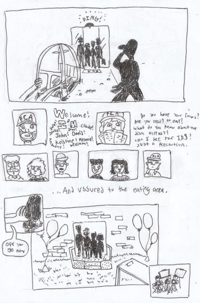
And so The story begins...


The volunteers land in Georgia! Home to FCA HQ

And Are promptly transported to it.

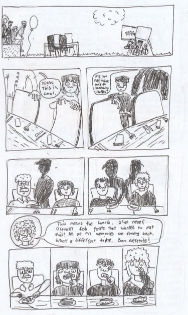


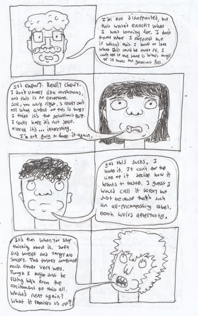
They Are recieved...

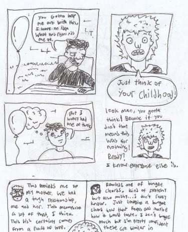

DING!
Welcome!
I'M
Sarah! Jackie! Jason! Claude! John! David! Kristine! Melanie! Manny! William!
FCA
Do you have your forms? Are you ready to eat? What do you know about the dish already? Can I see your I.D.s? Just a precaution.
FCA

...And ussured to the eating area.

Off you go now


Now This is cool.
Did you ever think you'd do something like this?
This means the world. I've never actually fed people that wanted to eat this! All of my memories are flooding back. What a different time. Bon appetite!


I'm not disappointed, but this wasn't exactly what I was looking for, I don't know what I expected but it wasn't this. I have no idea what this could be made of. I can't tell if the sauce is what's tangy or if that's the gelatinous part.
It's chewy. Really chewy. I don't usually like mushrooms, and this is no exception. Joe, you were right, I really can't tell what aspect of this is tangy I think it's the gelatinous part. I really hope it's not Jello. Overall it's... interesting. I'm not going to have it again.
god this sucks, I hate it. It can't for the life of it decide how it wants to taste. I guess I would call it savory but just because that's such an all-encompassing label. Oooh weird aftertaste.
It's fun when you stop thinking about it. Soft and sweet and tangy and savory. The tastes compliment each other very well. Though I might just be riding high from the excitement of this all. What's next again? What it reminds us of?

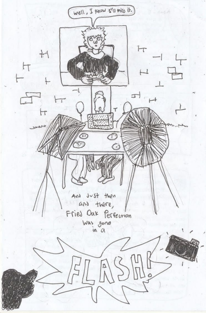

You Gotta help me out with this, I have no idea what this reminds me of.
Just think of Your Childhood!
But I barely had one of those
Look man, you gotta think! Because if you don't that means this was for nothing! Ready? I know everyone else is.

This reminds me of my mother. We had a tough relationship, me and her. This encompasses a lot of that, I think. This dish certainly comes from a place of love. It's like my mother in that way.

Reminds me of bungee chords. Kind of stretchy but also mushy... I don't really know. Just imagine a bungee chord how that feels and maybe how it would taste. I don't bungee much but I'm pretty confident these are similar in mouthfeel.

Back in 7th grade we all made one kid eat dirt and when he opened his mouth to spit it out there were a ton of crushed bugs and a whole worm. This reminds me of that. I think they'd taste the same this and that.

It makes me think of rainy days or a really misty forest. Very green. Very Pacific North West. I would eat this while watching Twin Peaks. I wonder if we're allowed to take leftovers, no? Oh well. I know I'll miss it.


Well, I know I'll miss it.

And just then
and there,
Fried Oak Perfection
Was gone
in a

FLASH!